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# EDITORIALS

## A Tribute to a New Art

PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON celebrated their first wedding anniversary by going to a motion picture show. It is said that it was their first visit to a motion picture. We are inclined to take that statement with a grain and a half or maybe two grains of best table salt. Surely any two people who have been so frequently and persistently photographed as President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson must, at some time or other, have yielded to the temptation to slip into the last row of a picture theater, if only to see how they looked on the screen.

But to celebrate a wedding anniversary by devoting an entire evening to a feature film is another thing. It marks a democracy of spirit that is not above being entertained by a new art that has already leveled class spirit in its relation to amusement. We are glad to welcome the President and his wife into the ranks of the picture fans. As a means of entertainment, the motion picture is always at hand. As a strong factor in the promotion of political publicity, it has been used for practically the first time in the recent political campaign. Perhaps that is why President Wilson has been moved to give it the public seal of his approval.



## Competition

MARY GRAY PECK, a most efficient member of the Motion Picture Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who is now making an extensive travel campaign for better motion pictures, declares that the motion picture is the first rival that has ever been able to successfully compete with the saloon.

Thus far WILLIAM Jennings Bryan, that gentle dove of peace, who ever hovers in the rear of conflict, has not

turned his attention to the motion picture as a successful rival of the saloon. Brother Bryan prefers oratory; but oratory as a weapon has never made much headway on the thorny path of intemperance. The one thing that has done more to defeat the saloon than any influence the world has produced is the motion picture house. The saloon may well look upon it as the greatest competitor the price of a drink has ever had to meet. A picture program lasts well over an hour. The influence of a drink cannot outlast that.



## Are Men Stars Doomed?

THE MALE screen star seems to be having a struggle for existence. A prominent company has recently declared against him. They say men stars do not draw. The public clamors for the starresses.

Even the schoolgirl wants the beautiful lady star to adore. She admires the beautiful creature who does the hero parts, but her ardent sympathies lie with the charming star whose curls cluster coquettishly on her neck and who emerges triumphantly from every situation.

Naturally she does. For there is a chance that she, herself, could become such a star. She worships the stardess because of her ambitions. No longer is the adoring schoolgirl content to worship the hero from afar. She yearns to become a star for herself and outshine him on his own ground.

It is becoming difficult to get boys for the pictures. They know they stand no chance. In a recent production a director advertised for 500 boys for a motion picture. If he had advertised for 500 girls, every one of the 500, accompanied by a special friend, would have stormed the gates half an hour before the time set. It was a struggle to get half the number of boys. They were either in school or at work or the price offered did not tempt them.



ALFRED P.

## "CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

Beginning in this number, Film Fun will print a series of articles which will throw a bit of limelight on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. The identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. It is enough to say that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, where she has also scored successes and where she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. She writes with a graphic pen and a strong sense of dramatic values and gives a most startling expose of actual happenings in motion picture offices and studios. You cannot afford to miss a single chapter.

HOWEVER painful the truth about a thing may be, it is good for the soul to tell it once in a while. To throw the limelight of publicity on the secrets of the inner chamber has at times a purifying effect on a whole organization. Accumulations of dirt and dust will remain hidden in the dark corners of a room as long as the light does not penetrate to those dark corners; but once a bright searchlight illumines the dirt heap, the filth is then swept to the center of the room, gathered up in a dustpan, thrown in with the other refuse and sent on its way to the purifying fires of the garbage furnace. And so I hope, before very many more years roll by, that a little light may filter in onto the unhappy and seordid conditions obtaining behind the sacred portals of motion picture studios.

An actress knows that thoughts are things and in time write themselves in lines on the face. And that must never happen, especially to a moving picture actress. With a frankly brutal camera recording the expression of each tiny muscle of the face, she well knows that she can keep her public only so long as she remains young looking, sweet expressioned and freshly pretty. She must keep cheerful, even if she dies in the attempt.

But, oh! sometimes, in spite of all my efforts to keep cheerful, I do get just so blue, sometimes I feel I want to be blue—dark, indigo blue!

I know it is proper and Christian-like to be happy and rejoice over the success of others, and I have so rejoiced often in the past and will try to continue to do so. But sometimes, when an unknown actress, with no claim to ability, talent, personality or brains (brains do show on the screen, though some managers delude themselves into thinking they do not), and not even possessing what we

term in "movie" vernacular "screen looks"—when such an actress as I have described has her name blazoned forth in a huge electric-light sign, and the press comes forth with a glowing tribute to the extraordinary beauty and talent of the new star, then it is that I become so indignant I can almost explode like good, old-fashioned Fourth of July fireworks. Being on the inside and having had a few experiences of my own, it does not require more than the most ordinary imagination to ponder how and why it happened. The injustice and untruth of it plunges me for a time into the depths of despair. I've tried so hard to "arrive" by fair and honest means—I keep pegging along—and I say to myself, "Genius is patience and an infinite capacity for hard work." If 'tis so, I've outstripped the "Divine Sarah"; but I cannot seem to convince the managers that if they would only give me a real chance, I know I'd prove a "box-office attraction."

What is the trouble? I make a good start, get sincere praise for my work, the public like me when they occasionally get a chance to see me on the screen—one of the big producers, witnessing my work in a small part, even went so far as to make the remark that I was a genius—I photograph well, and am told I have that intangible something that means more than all the other attributes put together—"screen personality." But I get just so far, and then everything stops, and I have to begin all over again. I am not ashamed to say that the only bona-fide offer to be featured in pictures that I ever had came from one of the heads of a very wealthy new concern, but the conditions of the offer were so revolting as to be instantly dismissed. Some day, however, a straightforward, genuine, clean proposition will be made to me, and I promise you I am



"If I get this position for you, will you be nice to me?"

going to spend my first week's salary in advertising, and I am going to announce the fact to the whole moving picture world in flaring headlines, beginning with "Stop, look and listen, for a wonderful thing has happened," etc., etc.

It all began quite a long time ago. I was six years old, and I am now one year younger than dainty Marguerite Clark's professional age. It was my first year in school, when, exultation day coming, I was chosen, with two other little girls, to take part in a three-cornered dialogue. We were to be little flower girls, and on the important day I had on a crisp, white, stiffly starched dress, a lovely blue silk sash, and a tiny basket with morning-glories in it. Each little girl had a verse to speak, and I remember the first line of mine well. It ran like this: "I am the gentle convolvulus flower." I was quite intoxicated with my importance and at playing I was a flower, but I haven't the faintest idea why I should have had to struggle with that dreadful word, "convolvulus," when I was only a little morning-glory. However, the dark seed was sown, and later on, on the stage and more recently on the screen, ever since I was that little "morning-glory," I've been playing at being things and persons that I am not, although sometimes I play my simple self. After this, my first appearance, no school program was quite complete without me; Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday found me with a new recitation added to my ever-increasing repertoire.

And then came time for me to go to high school, and there I joined the dramatic club, and we put on one-act plays and little plays in French and Shakespeare, of course. In all of these productions I always had a star part. These days drawing to a close, I began to send for college curriculums. I wanted to go to the one where I could learn the most about the drama. My stage ambitions were burning very brightly now. I had just about decided on my alma mater, when the thing happens that does sometimes—my father's illness. His business failed, the family exchequer became depleted, and it suddenly dawned upon me that playtime was over and it was up to me to find some way to support myself, or at least to make my contribution to the household expenses.

So I took stock of myself. I had good looks, large, expressive eyes, well-shaped head, a quantity of soft, fluffy hair, and I was small—and that meant a great deal, the present day favoring so strongly the little woman. It didn't take me long to decide what I wanted to do—I knew that always. I wanted to go on the stage. But I had something else to consider besides my desire and my ambition—I had to do something where I could be somewhat assured of earning a little money. I could get some sort of office work and go to night school and learn stenography, and in six months' time earn twelve dollars a week; but I hated offices and office work, and I soon discovered that I never could make more than twenty dollars a week if I remained a stenographer all my life. And then the thought came to me—I could be a nurse and take myself off the family's hands. Nursing would mean two years' training, and then I could earn twenty-five and thirty dollars a week, and during the two years I would be studying at the

hospital I would have my home there, and my dresses, aprons and caps would be furnished. But I didn't want to be a nurse. I had no inclination that way whatever. I only wanted the one thing I had always loved, and, oh! I did want that so much, and I knew I'd never be satisfied in this world until I tried it; and so I went on the stage, and then, later, I went into pictures.

In the city where I lived there was a stock company that played all through the year, and two other theaters that housed traveling companies. These traveling companies sometimes played a week, and sometimes would stay six or eight weeks, putting on a repertoire of plays. First I went down to the all-year stock company, thinking that would be the best to connect with. It so happened that a play was being rehearsed that required a lot of extra people. I was told to see the stage director, which I did, and he engaged me. I had to furnish two dresses—a ball gown and a street dress—and I was to receive three dollars and a half a week. But I was happy! Soon I discovered that the stage director was a member of the same lodge that my father was, and a letter from my father influenced the stage director to give me a small part, and so in the next bill I had about a three-minute scene with the leading man, and received seven dollars and a half for the week. A year later I got a contract to play "bits" at twenty dollars a week. I had made my start!

It is an accepted fact that in any career the "start" is the only hard part. This, no doubt, holds of many professions and businesses, but not so on the stage or in pictures. There you are continually making new "starts," unless some man of influence or money comes to your rescue. In motion pictures he can save you from many material discomforts—from weary rounds of the agencies, from waiting hours in the outer offices and wasting smiles and entreaties on office boy or telephone girl, from insults from ignorant men who a year or so before were probably shoe clerks or chauffeurs; but, of course, the man of influence or money who comes to your rescue doesn't do so because he likes to admire at a distance the color of your hair or eyes. Getting in to see some producer requires the strength of Hercules and the patience of Job. One motion picture magnate, who has all his offices and studios in the East, is much more difficult to get to than the President of the United States. A very clever newspaper man has been trying to see this same manager for two months and hasn't seen him yet. Not long ago this same man had occasion to seek an interview with our President, and fifty minutes after he stepped off the train in Washington, D. C., he was in conference with the first citizen of the land. So if a man with years of newspaper experience in getting to people tries for two months to see a producer without success, you will appreciate what the poor, struggling motion picture artist is up against.

So, to continue my narrative, after having made my "start" in my home town stock company and having saved the price of a railroad fare to New York, possessing a modest wardrobe and enough money to live on for two months, I fell for the lure of New York City and the hope of a metropolitan engagement. Arriving in Manhattan, I

joined the mad throng of Thespians haunting the dramatic agencies, "looking for work." It didn't come. One day I met a friend. We exchanged greetings, which in the theatrical parlance of that day usually consisted of:

"Doing anything?"

"No; I cannot seem to connect up."

"Ever try moving pictures?"

"No; I don't know anything about them. How do you get in and whom do you see?"

This all happened in 1910, before the agencies began actively placing people in pictures as they do to-day. I made a note of whom to see and the best way to go about it, as told me by my friend, and set out to apply for an engagement at one of New York's motion picture studios. Sorry I cannot chronicle the fact that I participated in the now famous "good old Biograph days," for I worked almost everywhere but there. I secured a hearing, and a few days later was sent for by a producer for a "part." The remuneration was to be ten dollars a day, and I was mighty thankful to get it. Things went along fairly well in this first company I affiliated with, and there I served my moving picture apprenticeship. I was always conscientious in my work, and it suddenly dawned upon me that those who took it much easier than I did, and who had no more pleasing physical attributes or talent than I had, were getting along better than I. They were selected to play in the finer pictures and were given showier "parts."

Once when seeking, out home, an engagement with a visiting stock repertoire company, I had an experience, the memory of which has often come back to me these days. I was very young, and my knowledge of the world was pitifully limited. The manager of the theater kept me coming in "most every day to see him about this particular engagement. One day he read a letter to me from the owner of this visiting company with which I was hoping to "sign," in which was said, "Am in favor of young blood and am satisfied with your word as to the young girl you speak of. Will be glad to use her as ingenue with the company." This was one of the great moments of my life. My eyes fairly danced, my heart beat wildly, and the color mounted to my cheeks. And then he added, "Now, if I do this for you, will you be nice to me?" In all innocence I answered, "I'd always be very grateful to you. Good-day."

I didn't get the engagement, and it wasn't until some years later, and I had knocked about a bit and the "green" had washed off me, that I understood why. So when I came to this "stand-still" position in my motion picture work, the incident of former years often came to my mind, and I thought to myself, "I wonder! Are motion pictures going to be like that, too? Is it going to be just as hard to get on unless you are 'nice' to someone in authority? Are there to be the same temptations? Is it inescapable, I wonder?"

Had I known then what I know now, I would have been happier had I secured work in a department store and measured ribbons for a living!

(To be continued.)

— — —

## In Film Town

By JAMES G. GABLE

AMOS BILLDUSH never goes to a photoplay. His father is blind, too.

—

Maymar Billis says she knows she was born to be a great screen actress, for her false hair curls just like Mary Pickford's.

—

Percy Fitz Miggles says that his ideal is the clever girl that can wear a baby stare while watching "Damaged Goods" and get away with it.

—

Old Men Simpkins, our shoe-repair man, says he is going to see "A Traffic in Soles," when it comes, as he believes in knowing all about his chosen profession.

—

They had a pie social out to Crow Ridge Saturday night. Ot Powell set down on a custard pie and siled his new nine-dollar suit. Ot says it made him look like a Keystone hero.

—

Len Bates took his best girl to the picture show twice last week. Deacon Gubsing says the extravagance of the rising degeneration is just naturally tempting Providence.

—

Of the fourteen girls and five boys at high school, sixteen have announced their determination of becoming screen actors. The other three were absent the day the poll was taken.

—

Asa Spraggins says that the things they do to Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Pepperpot" ain't right, and that if she will come to Crick Neck Creek, he'll make her queen of his heart and his hundred acres.

—

We have been greatly worried over our two leading amusements. Last night the passenger train was twenty minutes belated time, and as a result the Motion Picture Palace was a half an hour late in opening.

—

Percy Fitz Miggles bet four bits that Deacon Gubsing would be the first one to buy a ticket for "The Evil Women Do." Deacon Gubsing says that the gambling and irreverence of the rising degeneration is almost past belief.

—

Deacon Gubsing says he would like to have a moving picture of himself taking up the collection. Percy Fitz Miggles says it would be more fun to see a close-up of the deacon's face when he separates himself from a nickel and adds it to the collection.

—

Percy Fitz Miggles, our leading—and only—tonorial artist, went to Scraggins Center last week. Ed Jenks accused him of going there just to see "Where Are My Children?" but Percy only winked and said nothing. Deacon Gubsing says that the wickedness of this day and age exceeds that of Soda and Gborrow.

— — —  
Absolutely

Acter's a (6)—If I should die, would you forget me?

Acter—Heavens, no! My dyspepsia is incurable.

IN THE picture, "Miss George Washington," Marguerite Clark does not always exactly follow the established theory on which the truth-telling reputation of George Washington is founded; but you can tell from the way she looks that in her heart she really does approve of George and of his predilection for telling the truth.

Do you wonder that, when the Queen asked her mirror that old, old question,

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who's the fairest one of all?"

it always answered, "Snow White"? Even George Washington looks inclined to agree with that.



WHEN Marguerite Clark was a little girl, she read "Snow White"—as most little girls do—and she says that sometimes she used to dream that she was the charming little princess who had such interesting adventures. And who can say that these are not the days of "dreams come true"? For here she is as Snow White.



Marguerite Clark

IN TWO OF HER RECENT PLAYS, "SNOW WHITE" AND "MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON."





WOLFE PICTURES

Nance O'Neill makes all her women friends green with envy.



FOX FILM CORPORATION

Virginia Pearson likes fur hats and stoles—and quaint rings, as per the picture.



WORLD FILMS

WHITE PHOTO

Alice Brady really doesn't wear them in this fashion, of course.



LASKY

Fanny Ward was not satisfied with having the beautifullest mole skin coat in the country—she raised the moles herself on her English estate.

### Every Woman Loves Furs.

**F**URS never were so expensive as they have been this season, and consequently every screen actress has been mad about furs. It makes mighty little difference what the fur is—anything from a rare silver fox or a beautiful sable to the remnants of old gray Tabby, who used to lead a domestic life, catching mice and raising families. Tabby disappears now and reappears in stoles, muffs and trimming strips on the most gorgeous costumes. The coon who used to roost high in trees and eye the hunters and the dogs below with a merry twinkle is now a rare bird, so to speak, and the cunning little mole, who used to be such a nuisance in plowing ridges in the carefully shaved lawns, is now swelling around with a lot of importance, since his skin has gone up to seventy-five cents each. New York, if you please, has become the center of the fur trade since the war.



WACH PHOTO NEWS INC.

Lucille Lee Stewart's bank account always moans in despair when she is turned loose in a furrier's. We would say that she was a good picker. Don't you?

Bessie Love in "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's"



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

Carl, the erratic musician (Frank Bennett), forgets, in a truly artistic and temperamental manner, to eat the food Waffles has placed before him. But, then, no one who knows that Waffles is Bessie Love could blame him for that, we are sure. Even the certain charms of "ham and—" sink into insignificance before her.



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

Yes, this is Waffles, not pigtailed now, but fluffed and ruffled, and not so happy as she was at Coffee Dan's. Which would tend to show that it is not always pretty clothes that make for happiness—at least, not in the case of a girl like Waffles. For of what use are pretty clothes when the one man may not see them?

#### A Variation

Waffles, the waitress at Coffee Dan's, is selected by Bert Gallagher and Clara Johnstone, a pair of crooks, to represent a missing heiress, whose story they have read about in the papers. Waffles herself was orphaned at an early age and, remembering nothing of her childhood, believes the story and convinces the lawyer that she is the bona-fide heiress. Mrs. Johnstone installs Waffles in a beautiful house, appointing herself chaperon. But, with unlimited means, Waffles has only three desires—to publish the music written by her sweetheart, Carl Miller, to adopt the baby that a Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is too poor to care for, and to buy the little restaurant for her old benefactor, Shorty Olson. Mrs. Johnstone prevents her from doing all these

things, cleverly breaks up the friendship between Carl and the girl, and persuades the latter to become engaged to Gallagher. Just before the ceremony, however, Carl learns the truth, prevents the marriage, the police arrive just in time, and the crooks go to jail. The real heiress turns up, and Waffles goes back to the hash house. But for the crooks' arrest they receive fifteen hundred dollars, so Shorty buys Coffee Dan's, Carl publishes his music, Waffles adopts the baby, and they all live happy ever after.

"Original plot number seven" the whole thing might be labeled; but along comes charming Bessie Love to the rescue to play Waffles, and it makes not the slightest difference whether the plot is original or not. You'll like this picture—it's on the white list.



LARRY TREMONT

Marie Dora viewing with apparent approval her own interpretation of the title part in "Oliver Twist." Queer what a lot of difference a few good clothes makes, isn't it? And little did Charles Dickens dream, when he wrote the story, that some day it would be visualized so successfully.



LARRY TREMONT

A few Dickens characters brought to life by top-notchers on the screen. There is Marie Dora, of course, as Oliver Twist; Tully Marshall as Fagin, Hobart Bosworth as Bill Sikes, and Raymond Hatton as the Artful Dodger. You are picking a good show when you go to see "Oliver Twist."

### Max Linder

"WHY, you're dead!" someone greeted Max Linder at the wharf.

"I am not," replied Linder, sticking his hands deep into his trousers pockets and smiling his inimitable smile. "Don't believe everything you see in the papers."

And if anyone ever looked less like a dead one than this European barrel of fun, which Essanay is preparing to empty upon the American public, we'd like to see him. And besides being a very live wire, he is a very brave man as well. When the war broke out, he entered the army as a volunteer and for some time was an automobile scout, using his own machine. After his car was blown up by a bomb, by which he was not injured, he was enlisted in the artillery service.

At the battle of Alene he was shot through the lung, just above the heart. This would be sufficient experience for most men, but, when recovered, Linder joined the aeroplane service. His lungs could not stand the change of air in rising to the necessary heights, however, and he was honorably discharged. Whereupon he accepted a proposition to come to America to make pictures.

As it is his first visit to these shores, the celebrated comedian is having a pretty hard time getting acquainted with American customs, for although he speaks German, French, Spanish



STANLEY

Max Linder, the French comedian, emphatically denies that he was killed in the war. He sends us a recent picture to prove his assertion.

and Italian, he knows hardly a word of English. Of course he carries an interpreter, but the latter seems to find as much trouble as Max in making Americans understand them. Perhaps it was because of this, or perhaps because of a little natural hesitation in telling his age, that when we asked Max how old he was, he chattered with the interpreter in Italian for two minutes, then in Spanish for three minutes, then in German for four minutes, and then in French for five minutes, before we succeeded in getting "Thirty-two."

Though why he should hesitate is more than we can understand. To be famous at thirty-two is quite a feat, we think.

✻ ✻

### She Knew the Way

Writer—I have a writer in this scenario. I want to get rid of him, but I don't know how to manage it.

His wife—Why don't you starve him out?

✻ ✻

### A Tight Squeeze

Kiss—Is Short, the movie actor, being pressed for money?

Kiss—Yes; but his creditors can't squeeze a cent out of him.

✻ ✻

### The Natural Way

Movie actor—Act the part of an idiot?

Director—All you have to do is to act your natural self.

## "THE HONOR SYSTEM"



WILLIAM FOX

When this scene from "The Honor System" was shown at Sing Sing, by permission of the warden, the members of the Mutual Welfare League forgot prison welfare and yelled encouragement to the escaping convicts. The film makers accepted it as a real compliment.

**T**HEY tell us in the Book of Statistics that 500,000 people are led in and thrust out the gates of our penal institutions every year. And at that, nearly all of us know a few more who ought to be there. Be that as it may, some of our prisons are not exactly comfortable, even though the inmates are there for punishment and not for reforming purposes merely. "The Honor System," produced by William Fox, written by Henry Christensen Warnack, and directed by R. A. Walsh, is a timely bit of prison propaganda. Aside from its mission, it is a gripping story, although there is a bit too much "sob stuff" inserted for the people who enjoy having a good cry over other people's miseries. The snake scene could easily be eliminated, without interfering in any way with the punch in the picture. It was filmed in Yuma and Florence, in the Arizona State prisons, and — listen — 600 convicts actually took part in it. It is a story of a young American inventor, who finds himself in prison for a



FOX

Gladys Brockwell, who plays "Trixie Bennett," in "The Honor System," says she has worked hard at her art for fifteen years. She went on the stage when she was three years old. Still, Gladys, you are a star now.

murder committed in self-defense. The evils of the old prison regime are exhibited in all their horror. Not a scene is overdrawn, for not so long ago such scenes could be seen daily in many a State prison. The young inventor, through the interest of the warden's daughter, gets a parole of a few days to perfect his invention of a wonderful wireless. He means to get back on time, but some of his enemies seek to prevent it. He eventually gives up his life for the honor system.

Whether or not you believe with some prison welfare workers that the majority of convicts are not normal, or whether you believe with others that they are normal and only need guidance and not discipline, this picture is a worth-while one, barring, as we have said, a few scenes that could be cut out without detracting from the strength of the story. All convicts do not reform immediately on hearing a hymn sung by a beautiful girl. Some may—but not all.



see William Farnum in "Bottle of Hearts."



see Vivian Martin in "Merely Mary Ann."



"Ben Blair."



FAVORITE PLAYERS

Frank McIntyre in "The Traveling Salesman."

## The Thriller

As Viewed by the Audience

By HAZEL MACPARKLANE

### SCHOOL GIRL TO HER CHUM

"He's marvellous! Just marvellous!  
So handsome, strong and brave!  
Oh, how I wish that stupid Jim  
Was just a little bit like him!  
I rave, my dear, I rave!"



### REGULAR BOY, WHO DOESN'T FIND ENOUGH BLOOD AND THUNDER

"Come on, dere! Say, wot's wrong wid youse?  
Dat makes me weary! Gee!  
Youse call that sof' soap stuff a fight?  
Gimme me coin back. It's not right  
To wotk dat game on me!"



### NERVOUS OLD LADY

"Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't come!  
They're killing him! Oh! Oh!  
Why don't they send for the police?  
John, I can't watch this awful piece,  
I'll really have to go!"



### L'ENFANT TERRIBLE, WHO HAS BEEN THREATENED WITH HOME

"Well, momma, if you take me home  
Just watch me snitch on you!  
Got Ben an' me in for a dime  
An' him fifteen at Christmas time.  
Quit pinchin' me. Boo, hoo!"

## WINTER SPORTS



SYNOPSIS

Every winter Dorothy Kelly takes a week or two off up in the New Hampshire hills. With plenty of furs, of course, one can keep warm in a sleigh if the driver—well—



SYNOPSIS

Lillian Walker enters her auto at the first snowfall and gets Dotbin and the sled out of the moth balls. She loves the snow, that girl.



WORLD FILM EXCH.

Frances Nelson doesn't mind a tumble in a snowdrift. Not when Robert Warwick is near to help pick her up. Lots of girls might envy Frances. They are crazy about Robert.

FOX

Gracious, but William Farnum looks stern. And he is nearing the "End of the Trail," too. A woolen scarf may make a nice, warm sash, but should he not wear it on his neck?

## SNOW SHOWS



WILLIAM FOX

"Make it long and lingering," said the director of "A Modern Thelma." And the funny part of it is that Harry Hilliard doesn't seem to mind at all, though it's awfully cold and the people in the sleigh are getting impatient. But, then, things do look pretty warm and friendly for him.



PATHE

And here's little Pearl White getting her knees damp and spoiling her new velvet gown, just to make us sob in "Hazel Kirke." Pearl should have her cap on and her mittens and her overshoes, for the day is cold and the snow lies thick upon the ground.



WORLD FILM EXCH.

Loet in the snow is Kitty Gordon, her famous polished shoulders for once clad in fur. The picture for which this scene was filmed was "The Crucial Test." They named it well. Trying to look soulful while your feet are getting colder and colder—well, it's a test.



PATHE

It's worth falling when you can get sympathy and attention like this.

# Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



CAMPBELL PHOTO

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda A. Griffith, wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," ends with this issue. It is replete with intimate secrets of many a screen star who now scintillates, but who began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family.

SOME of us who have been watching the motion picture game for the last eight years or so are apt to become discouraged at times and imagine things in Picture Land darker than they are. They're not really dark at all, but striding along at a wonderful gait. It is but natural always to hope the greatest things of one's children, even though at times they become unruly, and perhaps I may not look it, but I have a very motherly feeling toward the motion picture. And so I refuse to become discouraged or fall of fear regarding the future.

Now, in order to realize how much has been accomplished and how far we have traveled the path of progress,

it were well to look backward a few years and take stock briefly of conditions as they were, say, in 1908, which is as far back as I can go, giving my own observations. Until the late spring of 1908 neither Mr. Griffith nor I had ever seen a motion picture, and I do not even recall having heard about one. So when, eight years ago, Fate led our steps "pictureward" to the old Biograph Studio, at 11 East Fourteenth Street, we decided it was up to us to find out what we could about these queer things called "motion pictures." As we were living up on Washington Heights, we scurried about the neighborhood, looking for some place where pictures were shown. We found a theater in a store on Amsterdam Avenue and 160th Street, and there I saw my first motion picture. It was a very good one, too, a Vitagraph picture called "The Dispatch Bearer." It had been directed by the late William Rounsevell, and I recall Mr. Griffith saying, "I'd like to work awhile for that man, if I'm to stay in pictures, and learn something about them." A few days later, however, the Biograph people handed Mr. Griffith a story and told him to produce it in pictures. He did so and has been doing so ever since.

Speaking of the little store on Amsterdam Avenue and 160th Street brings me to my first comparison of pictures past and present—that is, in the theaters themselves and the manner of presentation. True, Keith and Proctor's Fourteenth Street, Twenty-third Street and 125th Street theaters and the old Fourteenth Street Theater gave moving picture programs; but that was in New York City only. Even in Manhattan the theaters were in stores, and a great many of them were dark, dirty and strongly reminiscent of garlic and other such refreshing odors, and you never were quite sure when the person sitting next to you would fall asleep and incline his head on your shoulder. Conditions were somewhat different in the smaller cities where "homes" obtained, for there mother, father, children, the neighbors and their pet dog left their cosy firesides, abandoned the evening's innocent game of cards, the chat over the events of the day—even forgot that the children said their evening prayers regularly at eight p. m.—and followed the crowd to the little picture house around the corner. The picture house in the smaller cities and villages was also without exception a score that happened to be vacant. Some enterprising man would rent it, sweep out the dirt, give the place a bit of dusting, put a screen at one end and a projecting machine at the other, fill the room with ordinary wooden chairs—and his theater was complete. The chief concern was to place one's self in a vacant chair and not in a spectator's lap.

The other day, while passing the Strand Theater with a friend, we stopped and looked at the photographs in frames and the large hand-colored pictures on display in the lobby. My friend confided to me that she might now be a famous motion picture star, if in former days they had advertised in that respectable way. It seems that when her oppor-



tanity came, those flaming, lurid, sensational posters that used to flutter in the breeze over a moving picture theater entrance way, and that have now almost passed into oblivion, were the only form of advertising used, and she said she looked up at them and thought, "No, I'll not work in motion pictures and have myself part of a display like that—not for a million dollars, and not if I starve to death by refusing." You couldn't blame her much. So, you see, the exhibitor has done his part, and to ask for finer moving picture theaters than we already have would be impossible.

It isn't so many years ago that the only time a bona-fide newspaper made mention of such a thing as a motion picture was when a small boy got into serious mischief, and when parents or judge in the courtroom asked him how it happened he came to do this wicked thing, he would look naively up into the eyes of whoever was reprimanding him and say, "I saw it in a motion picture," and he was immediately forgiven. And how the newspapers did love to rub it in to us! I can say in all truthfulness the newspapers never took the slightest cognizance of us at any other time excepting when a small boy got into trouble. Browning's "Pippa Passes," which was produced as a moving picture in October, 1909, brought the first criticism of a motion picture in a New York newspaper—a column article in the New York Times. To-day the newspapers give us as much space as the spoken drama and just as fair reviews.

In connection with the newspaper, I will tell a little story about the topical review. About seven years ago, at a dinner, Mr. Griffith and I had as one of our guests the editor of a New York paper. During the course of the dinner the talk drifted to pictures, and Mr. Griffith happened to say that the day wasn't so far in coming when the public would go to a theater at night and see thrown on a screen the pictured events of that day, the same as they would be recorded in an evening paper. Our guest thought that was a pretty wild flight of fancy, but just this spring I saw the preparedness parade on Fifth Avenue from a window in one of the offices of this same paper at two-thirty o'clock p. m., and at seven that same evening on the screen of a Broadway motion picture theater I saw the photographed parade.

Wonderful strides have been made in motion picture photography. One thing in the photographic line I hope may come soon, and that is color. I think the reason the costume photoplay has so little appeal is because of lack of color. I do not think a picturization even of the Holy Grail would get over in the black and white photography, but I think it would be tremendous in color.

Now we have much good direction in pictures and good acting and photography and pleasant settings, when we can enjoy the finished photoplay, set to appropriate music. I think I have been quite optimistic. But here I stop, for we haven't made the same strides in STORIES. The photoplaywright has yet to come into his own. He has yet to come into his own as far as credit for his part of the work is due him and remuneration that will stand some comparison to the salaries of directors and stars. Great stories must be written for the screen if the photoplay is to take its

place as a great creative art. Adaptations of plays and books are all very well, and some of them make very good photoplays, and there is a public that likes to see the "six best sellers" on the screen, even if they nap between reels. But in my opinion the photoplay will never be truly great until we encourage men and women of brain and imagination to write original screen stories. We have made the least progress in the photoplay story. Let us work for better stories, and let us fight censorship—and the future will take care of itself.

THE END



LARRY

MARIE DORO

### The Love o' the Light-man

By HARRY J. SNALLEY

Of the crush and the rush and the hum and the purr  
In the big studio, I'm a part.  
Ev'ry day and oft nights I toil at the lights,  
O'er dancing and wowing and dangers and fights.  
I know little of art.  
But there's joy in my heart  
When I work on a set for *her*!

When she comes on the scene, in my heart is a stir  
That is caused by herself, nothing less!  
She has smiles for us all, and some to me fall—  
Those moments are precious, while waiting the call!  
Oh, it's true, I confess,  
I'm near heaven, I guess,  
When I work on a set for *her*!

"All ready now? Lights! Camera! Shoot!" With a  
whir  
Our set with activity teems,  
While I love from afar, because of Fate's bar—  
I'm only a light-man, and she is a star,  
Quite the brightest that gleams—  
And so, too, are my dreams,  
When I work on a set for *her*!



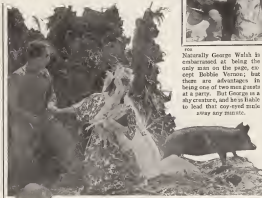
STANDARD-REUTERS

A cow isn't exactly the sort of pet you want on your front lawn, and the hired man would never have led her to the front if the director hadn't insisted.



STANDARD-REUTERS

"Now, kitty," said Louise Fazenda. "don't you scratch. You sit right up and say 'please,' like a nice kitty-cat."



STANDARD-REUTERS

From the expression on Gloria Swanson's face, in "Haystacks and Steeples," this perfectly good porky-pig might be a mouse. And Bobbie Vernon doesn't look as if he was much protection. He is scared to death, too.



LARRY

Faunie Ward came out fine—but the dog roared, evidently.



FOX

Naturally George Walsh is embarrassed at being the only man on the page, except Bobbie Vernon; but there are advantages in being one of two men guests at a party. But George is a shy creature, and he is liable to lead that coy-eyed mink away any minute.



REUTERS

This little piggy didn't go to market. No, sir! It is Mary Miles Minter's pet pig, and no cruel butcher will get it.



REUTERS

"Jackson" is the name of Peggy Hyland's dog, and if she sits down to rest a bit between scenes, doggie is her devoted companion.



STANDARD-REUTERS

Hisses rhyme with "kisses," and that is why Gra Carme says that these are possibly much more intelligent than we give them credit for.

## They Pick Their Pets From a Menagerie These Days

WHAT has become of the actress who invariably carried a small but superior poodle tucked under her left arm? And what has become of the poodle? For dogs are no longer the pampered pets of the screen people. They have as many and as varied jobs as there are temperaments on the screen. From tigers to geese and cunning little poodles, the modern screen actress evinces a lot of originality when she is choosing her pets. A dog is faithful, and a horse is intelligent; but how many of us would pick on a cow for a pet? Sara Bernhardt once chose a wolf for a pet, but right here on this page is a girl with three tigers—including a few others. It was the famous Gaby, wasn't it? who carried a small white hen around with her for publicity and egg purposes. And eggs were not nearly so high as they are now, when two dollars and two eggs are considered a fair week's salary. But there is a girl on this page who has Gaby backed off the boards when it comes to pose, for she has three geese—three proud, waddling, hissing geese. And take a look at the porcupine. A pig is really a clever pet, when you get used to having them grunting around all the time. Cats, of course, have been considered as eligible material for pets for years; but would you have believed that a famous diving lady would pick on a horse to love and caress? And as for bears—well, most of us have a den in our hearts, to be sure, so there must be nice bears in captivity than we have expected.



A young tiger, now, is an odd companion; but a basket of them ought to make the days fly quickly. Valentine Grant always picks odd pets; but a basket of tigers to buy milk for at present high prices—where!



REUTERS

Helen Chadwick grew so fond of this horse that played in "The Challenge" that she never left the studio at night without taking a last look to see that the faithful animal was comfortable.



REUTERS

This amiable brown bear could send Little Mary Sumner to the mat with one stroke of his clumsy paw, but he is a devoted pet.



REUTERS

Marie Wayne says kissing horses may be all right; but while she likes her cat, still, knowing felines is apt to bring on diphtheria. And other dreadful ailments. She just talks to her cat.



FOX

Would you have believed that Annette Kellermann ever wore a riding skirt? We have seen her only in abbreviated bathing suits.

# PICK YOUR FAVORITE



MUTUAL

William Kolb feels almost sure you'll pick him. He is merely waiting for the decision.



TRIANGLE-REVISTONE

Charles Murray looks queer, but this is just one of his facial expressions that gets a laugh on the screen. "Give us plenty of the funny faces," write the soldier boys from the trenches. Well, here's one of 'em.



MUTUAL

Max Dill says give him his old pipe and the evening paper and he is happy.



TRIANGLE

Arthur Shirley can look mighty dignified when he wants to. But who could smile with that stern pose across the page looking right at him?



PATHE

Well, well! Here's Harold Lloyd, who is doing a lot of good comedy in the Lonesome Luke series. Personally, we think Harold is much funnier without the mustache and the attempt to imitate any comedian but himself—but then—



FOX

William Taylor seems to be thinking what he'll order for dinner. Roast? No. Chop? No. A nice steak, medium? Yes!



FOX

George Walsh is a temperamental lad, judging from that scowling hair and the soulful eyes of him.



WOLFE PICTURES

A nice, comfortable, steady sort of a face, Holbrook Blinn has.

## HOW ABOUT THESE?



BELEEN

Some people are born with a droop to the right eye, others acquire it later on. We leave it to you to decide in what class Norma Talmadge belongs—we've given it up. But it's a very fascinating droop, for all that, and when the effect is completed by a large white picture hat above and a magnificent ermine scarf below—well, just look steadily at this picture for a while, and see how long it will be before you feel a funny little droop in your own eye.



VITASENTH

"That was a funny one," says Dorothy Kelly. "Tell me another." Everything looks bright to Dorothy; but why not? With youth, beauty, wealth and unbounded admiration—gracious, that girl ought to look happy!



NUCLEON PICTURE

Here's Ann Murdock in the latest thing in boudoir costumes—nifty knickers, they're called, and all the studio folk are wearing 'em. "You can't see any knickers," you say? They're there, just the same—black satin ones that cut off right below the knee. Miss Murdock is starring in "Eavy," one of the Seven Deadly Sins Series filmed by McClure Pictures. Though what anyone so young and pretty and successful has to be envious about is more than we can fathom.



WITTEL

Dorothy Love Clark's folks say there never was so restless a baby as Dorothy. Even when she was a very tiny tot, she was dancing all over the house, and she's been dancing her way to fame and fortune ever since. Light as this-tledown is Dorothy—and if you think this is an easy stunt to do, just try it in front of your mirror before going to bed to-night.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Making up is easy enough, but taking it off the cheeks and eyes is what takes time and cold cream. It takes so much of Irene Fenwick's time to make up that she won't quarrel.



ANTHONY

"I'm a believer in peace at any price," says Mary Pickford. "Now, then, Spot, keep still and shake hands with his duckship." Still, somehow, this doesn't look like Mary.

## HELEN AT HER HAZARDING



HELEN

"Hist! I have you in me power!" draws the villain (he's there, even though you can't see him). "Not yet!" proudly returns Helen Gibson, and as the train thunders by, she calmly heads back her hand, and zip! goes the rope.



HELEN

There isn't a train going can keep Helen off it.



HELEN

"Oh, bless these roomy skirts", breathes Helen, "I couldn't have done this a few years ago."



HELEN

With the villain's grasping hands almost upon her, our heroine clutches the railing of the train and swings over into safety.



HELEN

Its fierce! All a poor star can do is grit her teeth and trust that everything will happen according to schedule.

# When Movie-actor-itis Breaks Out

By One of 'Em



**M**OVIE-ACTOR-ITIS breaks out like a rash.

In fact, it is the rashest of all rash diseases—and desires.

Movie-actor-itis is a terrible state to be in, and being a state, can be "bounded" as in geography.

It is bounded on the north by a great yearning to see yourself cawing on the screen.

It is bounded on the south by a throbbing desire to draw down a movie actor's salary of one hundred dollars an hour which every actor gets—in the press notices.

It is bounded on the east by a secret and constant and blushing wish to hug and kiss all the pretty movie actresses—unless you are a girl. Then the secret throb of your tender heart is to be kissed by the manly and curly-haired movie-actor hero.

It is bounded on the west by a large gob of wishes to the effect that you could just get into the game a few days, if only to show some people who have been at it for ten years what saps they are and how they should really act.

First, you attend the movies. You laugh at the rube sheriff, and you weep when the poor, unfortunate girl is deceived by the base shoe clerk into believing the honest young hero is in love with the adventuress in the awning-stripped dress.

The next night you go and clinch your fist angrily—it doesn't matter which fist; this depends on which hand your companion is holding at the time—when you see the cruel uncle force his ward to marry the wicked slob of a count.

On the third night you sigh pensively when the heroine sits in her boudoir and has her raven tresses dressed by a chic maid, or when the handsome hero has his valet bring him a whole cigarette and the morning paper.

On the fourth night it occurs to you that you could do better than any of them!

On the fifth night you sorter wish you could have taken the part of Reginald or Muriel in the photoplay, because you *know* you could have done it better.

On the sixth night you go home and toss about, and get up and pose before the mirror, and go to bed again and dream and dream and dream.

And on the seventh night you eat baked beans and fish balls and frankfurters for tea, and kid yourself into the belief that the funny feeling you have is pure temperament! You realize now that you should have been a movie

actor, and you begin to figure out how you can prevent the great army of producers from bearing each other limb from limb when you announce that you are about to become a movie actor and can give your services to only one concern.

Now you have movie-actor-itis!  
You want to become a movie actor,

and, by gracious!—or heck! depending on the sex—you are going to be one. Of course, all the professionals will weep and tear their hair and curse—you don't know that cursing above sotto-voce is forbidden in the business—when they learn your intentions.

All this is from my own experiences. One sweet, charming young lady came to me and said, "Oh, Mr. Flicker—I don't know your real name!"—

"That's my real name. Shoot," I replied; but she didn't have a gun.

"Oh, Mr. Flicker, I just simply *know* I could be as funny as you are on the screen, if I only got a chance!"

"You'd be funnier in my—er—shoes," I assured her.

"All my friends say I am so funny!"—

"Your friends are quick to size up funny things," I told her.

"I am going to call myself 'Clarice Flicker,' and"—

But I beat it. I didn't know whether it was a compliment or a proposal—which is quite the reverse. She had one form of movie-actor-itis.

I never saw a pale, anemic, knock-kneed young book-keeper but what longed to become a film hero—longed and yearned to throttle the life out of Bill the Bite with his own bare hands, or leap fearlessly over a hundred-foot cliff into the raging rapids, or swim three miles across a surging river just to keep a date with Kit, the trapper's daughter. Or else he yearned to mount a bucking bronco and dash fearlessly fifty miles across the torrid desert and rescue the heroine from a band of Indians.

And I have met scores and oddsies—anyway, I've met bushels of pale, skinny, squint-eyed, scraggly-haired, gum-chewing girls, whose little hearts just ached to become the tall and voluptuous and queenly and ravishingly beautiful princess in the movies, who spurns the dissipated prince and married the young chauffeur, only to learn, after all, that he is a changeling and the real prince; or else she longs to leap from a burning building, or shoot the wicked burglar, sitting in bed all dolled up.

They've got it, the poor dears! they've got movie-actor-itis.

"But," so many have said to me, "what shall we do when we have this thing you call 'movie-actor-itis'—when we yearn and yearn and long to pose for the moving picture camera?"

And then I tell them.

Were you ever a child? A youngster? A kid? And did you ever hear the advice about the rain? "It is raining," someone states. "What shall I do?" And the village cut-up always replies, "Let it rain."

Just so with movie-actor-itis. Go ahead and yearn.



## In Search of Types

By ESTHER LINDNER

ALL THE motion picture world is "type" crazy. On almost every street there resides some impressionable young man, trying to out-sweeten Blanche Sweet or wiggle her eyebrows like Marguerite Clark, merely because some well-intentioned friends have informed her that she is the Sweet or Clark "type"; and as for the Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Barrymores—they can't be counted.

So that I was not surprised when, one morning, I was told to interview the casting directors of some of the studios on "picking types." Notwithstanding the fact that I had been told that interviewing was a tedious task, it seemed to me that all one would have to do would be to go in and talk, and then get out again, and that was all there would be to it.

I landed first at the Selznick Studio, at East 176th Street, where I asked to see the casting director. With a lordly gesture a very officious young man motioned me to a seat. He was twirling a policeman's club at the time, which he informed me was to "keep people from getting fresh." All about me were men and women of the "profession," boosting their own reputations with one breath, only to knock their sisters and brothers in art with the next. From time to time one or another of them would take from some hidden recesses bits of film—miniatures of themselves—hold them up to the light and expatiate upon how wonderful Director So-and-so thought them in that role. It was amazing, but as they were all there because they were out of work, it was pathetic as well.

After a few preliminaries I was admitted to the office of Mr. Morhange, who shares, with Albert Capellani, the distinction of being general director of the Selznick forces. To him I made known my wants.

"I know that everyone is talking 'types,'" said Mr. Morhange; "but it is all greatly exaggerated. Of course we are always on the lookout for types, but we consider it of much more importance to have people who can act a part, even though they are not of the exact type required, and make them up to resemble it as closely as possible. Occasionally we do pick up absolutely inexperienced people, just because they happen to be an unusual type.

"The hardest types of all to get are the men. There are many types of women—the ingenue, the mother, the vamp. We can usually find someone for every part. But men are different. What we do in those cases is to get men who are good actors and make them up to the type. Sometimes, however, this is difficult. For instance, if we must have a butler in a picture, it is much better to take a man who has really been a butler than one who has been a gentleman—comparatively—all his life and whose idea of portraying a butler is to wear 'sideboards' and stick his elbows out in front of him.

We have men in our studio who play only butler roles. They get big money for it, too."

"Well," thought I, "that was easy. Guess I'll go over to Fort Lee and finish 'em all up to-day."

It was then quarter of one. By quarter to two I was at the Universal Studio in Fort Lee, asking to see a casting director. Here, too, I was lucky, for I had no difficulty at all in gaining access to Mr. Brownell, and to him, too, I told my story. "I'm from FIRM FUNK," said I, "and I'm trying to get a story on picking types."

"What kind of a story?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, how you do it, and what happens, and if it's difficult—the usual line, you know."

"It is very difficult," said Mr. Brownell, "and the director is often fooled. For instance, one day a beautifully dressed, well-groomed and well-mannered young man came in to me. He said that

he had a great deal of experience, had played with Mary Pickford and Famous Players, and would like to try Universal for a while, if we had a part to give him. He seemed in every way to be an ideal 'type' for a part I had in mind. I took him to one of the directors, who cast him at once as a 'heavy' in a picture we were then filming. And when he got in front of the camera, we found that he didn't even know how to hold a girl's hand! That's one way of picking. Another way is to go upon well-known reputations. We know that a certain actor can play a part, and we keep after him until we get him. People come in with all sorts of stories, but I have found that it is more often the men who attempt to lie and 'bluff' than



Norma Talmadge in a teary type. Every girl who sees this will practice crying before her mirror at once.



Albert Capallani was too busy to talk types. He was in the studio, chuckling over the antics of Edward Kimball dressed as a negro mammy.

the women. An inexperienced person, however good a type, is never cast for large parts. He is usually started in mob scenes and trained until he can be given small parts, and so on until he becomes well known. It is much better to have experienced men and women who can act than unusual 'types' who cannot. The most difficult type of all to find is the male 'juvenile.' Lots of very good types come to the studio, but they cannot act and are fit only for mob scenes. Here are some of them," and he drew out a drawer crammed full of photographs. "These people are all excellent types, but they can't act and probably never will be able to. So, you see, we directors do have our troubles."

Having thanked Mr. Brownell, I wandered off down the street to the Paragon Studio, where Mary Pickford's pictures are filmed.

"Who's your casting director here?" I asked the girl in charge.

"We have no casting director," said she.

"Well," I wanted to know, "to whom am I going to talk? Isn't there any director here?"

"There's only one," she answered, "and you can't see him. You leave your photograph, and if the director likes it, he'll send for you."

"Gosh!" I said, "I don't want to be a movie actress. I'm from a magazine, and I've got to interview somebody."

"Oh!" she said, "that's different. Mr. Tourneur's on the floor just now, but you can sit down and wait for him."

People wandered in, looked at me queerly, and wandered out again. In the studio, which I could see from where I was sitting, something seemed to be going on; but I did not dare to go in and find out, for just ahead of me was an enormous card, bearing in large, very black type this legend:

"Stop! Do not go into this studio without permission! If you do, you will be ordered out."

Now, I defy anyone to say I haven't the requisite amount

of nerve for the average person, but—well, you can see for yourself that was forbidding.

"I'll be back later to see Mr. Tourneur," I told the girl at the desk, and clutching my storm coat—it had been cold crossing the ferry—I hurried down the street to the Fox Studio. Studio builders, I find, have a queer habit of bidding their doors, or else of putting in three or four of them, just for the fun of telling you to go round to another one. At last, after circling the entire building several times, I did succeed in locating the door intended for use and charged boldly up the steps. And there, stuck in the glass, was a card reading thus:

"Keep out—this means you! Positively no casting done here. See me at my New York office, 126 West Forty-sixth Street M. Kingston."

With a sigh I hustled down the steps and to the street. The friendly conductor on the trolley car had told me that I should also find the Eclair Studio in the same row. I did, but going up to it, I found also that owing to a fire the Eclair had been merged into the World Featureless, "just around the corner." In the hall crowds of people were standing around, and many men and women in make-up were waiting apparently to be called for a scene. I had never seen them made up before. It fascinated me, but as it was getting late, I marched up to the man at the desk and asked to see the casting director.

"There isn't any. Every director does his own casting, and you can't see him," said that authority paradoxically. But by that time I had learned that the doorman must be humored.

"Listen," I said. "I'm not looking for a job. Just tell your director that I'm from FILM FUN, and that I want to talk to him. I think he'll see me."



It is much better to have experienced types who can act as well as photograph well—Vivian Martin, for instance.





Mr. Tourneur was gone, but Mary Pickford was intently studying the camera. Probably looking for the pretty bird.

"I'll tell Mr. Burkart," he relented; "but you'll have to wait." So I sat down once more, while up and down the stairs trooped "butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers." There was Muriel Ostriche in a fluffy pink ballet costume, Alice Brady in a red one, and Carlyle Blackwell, screen idol supreme, standing around, talking just like regular persons; and children—lots of them—the most self-possessed youngsters I had ever seen.

Meanwhile I speedily discovered who Mr. Burkart was. But after he had passed and repeated me several times, my patience was exhausted, and I looked around for my doorman. In the pastime of hugging promiscuously most of the girls who were standing in the corridor, he had quite forgotten me. It seemed to me to be about time for me to take matters into my own hands. The next time the director passed me, I stood up right in front of him.

"Can I talk to you for five minutes?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered. "Come in here." And the expression on that doorman's face as I was led into an inner office more than repaid me for my waiting.

"All that is required for picking types is a little common sense," began Mr. Burkart, after I had told him what I wanted. "A director must be able to look over the men and women who apply to him for parts and be able to tell just how they will look and photograph when made up. The picking of types depends absolutely upon the director. Some directors prefer to get a good type, regardless of how much or how little experience goes with it. 'Leave the acting to me,' they say. 'We want the type.' Others prefer to use an experienced person made up to represent the required type. Once in a while we do find an unusual type with ability to act as well. A director must be able to see possibilities in his subject. For example, a little girl once

came to me for a part. I considered her unusual, but could find no one to agree with me. I took her before a big star and a score of directors. No one could see her. 'Wait,' said L. 'Watch her grow.' To-day that girl is at the head of her own feature company—she's great! Lots of people try to bluff, but unless a director is absolutely green, he catches right on."

Here Mr. Burkart lapsed into silence and looked at his watch. I hurriedly started the ball rolling once more.

"Er—er—what do you consider the hardest type to get?" I asked, taking a long chance on an old standby.

"The hardest type to get," said Mr. Burkart, "is the blond juvenile—both male and female. Scores of them come in, good looking, well dressed, wearing their clothes well; but when we get them in front of the camera, they photograph badly."

And at this point, just as I was letting a long sigh of relief escape me, the phone bell rang. It was provoking! Mr. Burkart answered it, spoke for a few minutes, slammed down the receiver, snatched some papers from his desk and rushed out of the room. "You'll have to excuse me," he called back over his shoulder.

Of course I saw that I would, but decided to wait, when my old friend, the doorman, poked his head in at the door. "Going to keep this office all night?" he wanted to know.

That was my walking cue, I realized, but I was not going to be shoved out thus unceremoniously.

"No," I said politely. Almost immediately Mr. Burkart hustled back. He seemed surprised at finding me still there, but summoning all my dignity, I rose, uttered a "Thank you for seeing me," and walked out, nodding at the doorman as I passed him.

"Can I see Mr. Tourneur now?" I asked the girl at Paragon.

She was completely surrounded by chauffeurs, but she gave me her attention long enough to tell me that he was still busy. Back I went to my old chair. In the studio the same noises were going on, the same people passing in and out. Stopping a man who happened to pass at that moment, I asked to see Mr. Tourneur.

"Mr. Tourneur isn't here," he told me.



The Fox types are so temperamental that they require music during rehearsal.

"Not here?" I gasped. "Why, the girl told me to wait."

"Well, he's not here," he repeated. "Here's the man you want to see—Mr. Smith."

A man whom I had seen often that afternoon lounged over.

"I want to see Mr. Tournour," I told him, "but if I can't talk to him, I must talk to some director. Are you a director?"

"I'm here with a director," said Mr. Smith non-committally. "But it's another company. Mary Pickford's company isn't here at all this week. Famous Players is using the studio in their absence."

"Then I'll talk to Famous Players," said I. "I was going down to the New York studio in the morning, anyway. Now can you tell me?"—and I was off again on the old line.

"I don't go in for publicity," was Mr. Smith's modest answer. "You just go down to New York and ask for Mr. Kaufman. He likes that sort of thing."

"All right," said I. "I'm glad I spoke to you, anyway. I'd have waited here all night for Mr. Tournour."

"Yes," he answered. "I wouldn't wait around here any longer if I were you."

Now somebody was fibbing, but whether it was the girl at the desk or Mr. Smith, I couldn't decide.

The following morning, at nine-thirty, I called at the Famous Players New York studio and asked to see Mr. Kaufman.

"Mr. Kaufman is busy," said the doorman there. "You can see a director only between nine-thirty and ten o'clock, and we've engaged everyone for to-day."

Here it was again. I patiently explained that, unusual as it might seem to him in a female of the species, I had absolutely no desire to woo Fame as a motion picture actress, that it was then one minute past nine-thirty, and that I had come from a magazine to talk to Mr. Kaufman. After that I was politely told to "Follow me," and led through to an office directly behind the outer waiting-room. There I was given into the charge of Miss Rose, Mr. Kaufman's secretary.

"It's too bad you weren't here earlier to watch me picking out angles," said Miss Rose. "If you could sit here with me for one day, you'd know more about picking types than Mr. Kaufman could tell you in a week. However, I'll tell him you're here; but he's busy now, so I'm afraid you'll have to wait."

I was used to that, so I seated myself in a comfortable easy chair. After a little while a young man bustled in, looked at me and went through to a room still further back. Then Miss Rose went in to announce me, and after about two minutes someone called out, "Tell the lady to come in."

"I guess that's me," I said—in moments like these, what does a little grammar matter?—and in I went.

"The question of types is a very difficult one to discuss offhand," began Mr. Kaufman. "We prefer to use them 'straight'—as near the type as possible. The hardest part we ever had to cast was the Queen Mother in 'Snow White,' for the woman who played that part had really to portray

four roles instead of one. In the beginning of the story she is very ugly, you remember. She then goes to a witch, who transforms her into the very beautiful woman whom the king marries. So we had to have a beautiful woman with a good form, who would really look like a queen in court robes. But later she has herself transformed into the old apple woman who tries to poison Snow White, and later still she plays the part of the beggar woman with the poisoned comb. We hunted high and low for a woman who could do all this and look the parts as well, and finally, just by chance, the exact type we wanted walked in here. That was Dorothy Cummings. She had a great deal of stage experience, but had never before registered with us.

"No inexperienced girl can be given large parts. Sometimes we have girls come in who would, I know, be wonderful. But their names have no box-office value, and the theaters that pay big money for our service will not take them. What we do is to give girls like these small parts, until they become better known. But this is difficult, for it is usually the little girls who make the successes, and it is hard to cast them. For in a picture like one of Marguerite Clark's, we surround her with a notable cast, but we must see to it that there is no other little girl like her. She is the little girl in that picture."

We were getting on beautifully—when in came Miss Rose, with the announcement that someone was waiting outside to see Mr. Kaufman.

"You'll have to excuse me one minute," said the latter. "I'll be right back." But my heart sank. It had been my experience that, once they got away, they never came back. And I was right. For five minutes later he poked his head in at the door. "There are several companies waiting for me. I'm afraid I'll have to go," he told me. "Come back late some afternoon, say about four or five o'clock, and call me up personally before you come, won't you?"

I said that I would, but in my heart I knew that I would not. I was through with interviewing and sick to death of "types," and—thank heaven, that's over!



WTAUBMAN

Bobbie Connelly reads about the Allies—but you will notice the soldiers are German.



## What's the Matter with the Motion Picture Business?

IT LOOKS to me as if the picture business ought to look up some, now that President Wilson has taken to going to see the motion pictures. It shows judgment in the President. And I understand William Fox wants to build a monument to the Tenth Muse, which he calls "Cinema." It isn't a bad idea. Terry Ramney wants to give them a new title, called "Pix," which is a bad idea—so there you see.

As to the spread of the pictures, there is scarcely a country you can mention where motion pictures have not arrived. They have really beaten the Gospels in getting spread. The consuls in foreign countries are putting them in their reports now. According to consuls' reports, over in Darien, Manchuria, the people are crazy over pictures. The South Manchuria Railway runs one of the three theaters in the province, and they are usually packed when a performance is on. The British government sends a sort of traveling motion picture equipment through India, allowing it to stay in each village from three days to a week. The natives throng to the village for miles for this entertainment and break into roars of laughter over the American comedies. They cannot always understand the titles, but they get the humor of the picture—which is a triumph for the people who believe that a real motion picture does not need a sub-title.

In Havre, for instance, where the audiences rise and sing the national airs of the Allies before each performance, the tobacco shops give coupons with each purchase of tobacco, which are accepted at the motion picture theaters as half the price of admission. In Yokohama, Japan, the picture theaters are crowded every day and every night. They demand two- and three-reel dramas and one-reel comedies. They are strong on comedies. They like American slapstick and are sending over their own Japan students to learn all about the motion picture business, in order that they may return and make Japan pictures with Japan titles.

The Swiss want thrillers. They clamor for detective and "Injun" stories and wildly applaud the Wild West pictures of America, and fondly believe that Chicago, Denver and Kansas City are surrounded by dense forests, wherein Indians lurk and buffalo and mountain lions play tag with each other. In Valencia, Spain, the picture fans can rent an entire box, holding five people, for an afternoon for forty cents, and remain for three delightful hours, seeing America first.

The pictures have done something else than gildie the

globe, near as I can make out. I dropped into my club the other day and fell into conversation with an old and valued friend, who was musing on the progress of the picture business. He told me, with some awe in his voice, that he had just met a young man on the street, who had informed him that he was prospering in the motion picture business—in the financial end.

"By George!" said my friend, "only six years ago that chap was my office boy. I believe he got something like six dollars a week. Now he is drawing seventy, he tells me. Very nearly what I get myself, as a result of long and painstaking years at my chosen vocation. It has taken me years of work and study to climb to that salary. He jumped at his in less than a year. Wonderful what money they spend in the motion picture business—for inexperience."

It isn't inexperience; it's bluff. The shifting of the sands is caused by personal ambition. Every time a new company or a new magazine is formed, there is a surge of talent that way. Trouble is that everyone in the picture business, no matter what department he may be in, thinks he is a genius. He knows that his genius is not appreciated. When the new company graciously makes room for his services, he feels that at last his chance to make his talents known in the motion picture business has arrived. And he joins the new organization and pits his inexperienced genius against the stern wall of reality that confronts him. He soon finds that they do not appreciate his genius any more in the new job than they did in the old. He bluffs his way to another job, and so on, until he wakes up to the fact that the motion picture industry, like every other industry, can use best the same old plodding business virtues that plow a furrow to success in any line in which they may be employed. Too much genius and too little experience—that's what's the matter with the motion picture business.



## Blame It on the Pictures

"Hit was de love of dress of mah wife dat bring me to dis co't of justice," complained the old negro who had been arrested for chicken stealing. "Hit was mah wife, sub, and she git hit fum dem movin' pictures."

"Why was it your wife's fault?" queried the judge. "Yoa admit you took de chicken."

"Yas, sub; yas, sub," admitted the negro. "But mah wife wuzn't satisfied to cook 'a' eat dat chicken; she had to put de feathers in her hat and parade de evidence, sub."



## He Is Discouraged

WALTER PRICHARD EATON has taken a whack at the motion picture folks. He says the screen has nothing to offer, anyhow, that the stage cannot do much better. Added to that sting, he goes on to say that most of the screen stories are written over Sunday and are stereotyped.

After a while, when they begin to accept Walter's scenarios, he will feel more cheerful about it. They always write that way, at first, till they get going. Fortunately, the scenarios are not written for the dramatic critics.

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"My saddest experience," relates Charles Arling, "was in a town called Glad Brook, Ia. I was snowbound there for seventy-six hours and nearly starved to death."

We read in the *For News* that Frank Morgan is a distant relative of Goethe, and that Goethe was about as well known in his day as a poet as Morgan is to-day as a film artist! And still they say that modesty is a thing of the past!

Somebody tapped Grace Stevens's wire in her dressing-room to find out who's that guy, "Red," whom she calls up half a dozen times a day. "Is this you, Red, old boy?" asked Miss Stevens. "Bow-wow!" said Red. Bang! went extension number two in disgust.

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George Larkin wants his admirers to know that the thrills he creates for the screen are strictly on the level—there is no trick photography or quick changes there. Larkin's stunts bring out such large crowds in Jacksonville that special police protection is necessary to keep the camera "lane" clear of people.

"Well, my little man, are you going to be a motion picture star when you grow up?" asked a kindly visitor of one of the dwarfs who acts with Marguerite Clark in "Snow White." "Grow up nothing, madam!" was the reply. "I'm old enough to be your father." As a matter of fact, the seven dwarfs in the picture are bona-fide midgets, whose ages range from forty to seventy years.

Trase Boardman has a grievance. He can't lose the name of "Stingaree," the character of the bold, bad Australian bushman which he created. Boardman's instincts run the other way—he wants to be known as the "good man of the films." He says that nobody calls Marin Sais a "Social Pirate," but that wherever he goes he is followed by a crowd of small boys who hail him affectionately as "Stingaree."

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All the while she was playing the part of a happy, artless girl in "The Price of Silence," Vivian Rich was haunted by the knowledge that she was working to pay for an operation that might save her mother from blindness, due to an accident. To the everlasting credit of the young actress, be it told, that, in spite of the grief and anxiety close to her heart, she played her part in the photodrama with captivating weariness and charm.

Director Frank Reicher, of the Lasky company, wishes to announce that he has discovered a highly emotional cow, and that said cow will make its appearance as a member in good standing of the supporting cast of *Marie Dress*. Mr. Reicher is greatly taken with the way in which the honest bovine chews its cud and predicts great things for it on the screen.

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Slowly but expensively Vivian Martin is replacing the lovely new samples of the modern furniture maker's art, which make her new California home so beautiful, with genuine antiques. The line of "antique" dealers forms on the right every morning at the Martin home, and the price of glimets, birdshot and other weapons for adding centuries of "age" to new furniture has risen violently.

Jack Pickford strolled into a Fifth Avenue department store recently and startled a floorwalker by announcing that he was looking for a pair of short trousers. The floorwalker took one look at Jack, who was dressed rather ultra-ultra, as it were, and led humbly to the riding suits department. "Reveree, you mean, do you not?" he murmured. "Not on your life!" declared Jack. "I want pants—plain pants—the kind I graduated from a few years ago. I am going back to them, my dear sir, because long trousers trouble my shins and make me nervous." And the dazed floorwalker stood by and watched while Jack actually bought a pair of short trousers. Not being a picture fan, of course he couldn't be expected to understand.

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